PARIS, HERSELF AGAIN, SITS ABOUT THE BRAZIERS

French Capital Recovering After Months of Stagnation and Crowds Are Seen on Boulevards and in the Shops

THE braziers of Paris are burning. There is more in this than the mere statement of the fact. It means that Paris is slowly recovering herself after months of stagnation. It means that the shops were filled with buying crowds, that the boulevards are once more a never ending procession of cosmopolitan types, that traffic again makes the isles of safety something more than a mere name, for the horn of the chauffeur is again heard in the land.

To one accustomed to see Paris only when the chestnut trees are ablaom along the Champs Elysees or when the American tourist blooms along the boulevards the city blooming with braziers is of even greater interest than in its more conventional aspects.

The braziers are to be seen on the cafe terraces, where wrapped in furs all Paris at the green hour (moved forward a little on account of the short days) takes its tea or liqueur. In the poorer districts the workman hovers over a brazier placed at some popular corner. In the open arcades and corridors of great stone buildings they are centres for the crowd going and coming to exchange gossip, and even in the hospitals, so poorly supplied with heating apparatus, the ever present cheerful brazier sends out its glow of welcome.

Paris has many ways of warming herself, the majority of them insufficient. She replaces the great open fires of the British Isles, where one's back is kept warm and one's face frozen at one and the same moment, with the central heating of the modern high priced apartments in which during the war economical concierges with an eye on the coal bills do not exactly drive the family and guests out by sheer force of heat rushing upward from the furnace.

Studios, moderate priced pensions and the nice old fashioned apartments—that is they are nice in summer—resort to the salamanders, called "sallies" in the vernacular, the twentieth century exponent of the old time base burner which used to take up all the space in a New England living room but managed to keep the family warm. The salamander is short, squat and inartistic, but Paris, who will be artistic when it is a mere matter of lodging, clothes and food, accepts the "sally" and loves it for its dear, practical uncouth self. Then there are the braziers!

The terrace is just as popular as ever and the stranger scarcely notes any diminution of the ordinary crowds that foregather there in the afternoon. The roof and sides are of canvas, the building forms the background, only the fourth side of the room is missing, and by this open space there is a continual going and coming, the warm coloring of the military uniforms lending life and vigor to the sombre clothes of the civilians.

A few weeks ago the women whom one does not know socially but whom one enjoys looking at had flown, some to the Riviera, some to London; some, it is whispered, had taken to nursing. Like a flock of migratory birds they have alighted anew on the boulevards and in their chic costumes of military cut—Napoleon chapeaus, capes, high collars, long skirted coats, muffs like a drum major's hat—add distinction to the gatherings about the braziers.

And the Government has returned!

So in the procession, where but a short time ago men were conspicuous by their absence, you may see aviators off duty, for the return of the Government means an increased watchfulness over Paris; men fresh from the trenches with uniforms soiled with mud—"glorious mud," as one of the brazier crowd calls it; reserves on whom Paris will call if an unexpected contingency—very unexpected it will be—arrives; allies passing through the city and generals whose coats bristle with orders, with a considerable sprinkling of visitors whom even the war cannot drive away from their beloved boulevards.

All these on occasion sit about the braziers.

The braziers of the cafe terrace are cylinders of zinc or brass about three feet in height. Coke is burned in them, for charcoal at present in Paris is scarce and expensive. Little pipes rise from the cover for the escape of gas and the entrance of oxygen. There is a slight, acrid odor not at all unpleasant and sometimes it is barely perceptible.

Occasionally when the brazier does not glow quite so fiercely as usual and in consequence clients are not entrapped by its promise of comfort, a garcon appears from within with a wspaperful of fuel. He opens the brazier—everybody watching him with much interest to see that none of the precious commodity is lost—and when he has fed it and picked up the ultimate black crumb for which he has often to reopen the top, the patrons sit back contentedly.

Don't think I exaggerate the importance of this meticulous care.

There are two commodities at present for which Paris pays dear—meat, for which there is no fixed price, and coal.

The supply of anthracite, a great proportion of which has in the past come from Belgium and is now of course cut off, has to come from England. The British has always been more expensive than the Belgian coal, and now there is added the cost of transportation, war transportation, Paris, in consequence, buys its coal in sacks.

The sack of a hundred pounds which last winter cost 70 cents approximately is now valued at a dollar. It is a difference which is a tragedy to the poor and is dramatic even to the well to do, in other words to those who have not been hit too heavily as yet by the economic factor of the war.

You remember Charleroi? The name is recalled vividly as one's companion near the brazier calls attention to the fact that the garcon has put in some of this so-called soft coal which bears the name of the Belgian town which produced it. Note the past tense, for Paris has to depend on the supply of "charleroi" it has on hand. There is no more forthcoming.

The gas company has instructed its inspectors to say that it has plenty of coal and so the gas supply will not be cut off. The poor people hear this gratefully, for it is on gas they depend for their cooking fuel.

A position near the cafe terrace braziers is the prize of the early comer. Late ones have to sit on the outer edge, where they cannot avoid the rush of cold air.

Here all the war news circulates and bits of political gossip and humorous stories are told. One hears personal adventures related, for the returning soldier does not always hide the fact that he is a hero, particularly if he belongs to the class of stripplings who, at 21, are gaining honors for which in other wars men fought in many campaigns. One young chap, with a stiff leg which he nursed carefully, was overheard relating some of his recent hospital experiences.

"He was a Turco, badly cut up, but half dead as he was the nurses couldn't get him to give up a bundle to which he clung with all his remaining strength. It was sort of round and done up in a roll of linen such as they use for the turbans. Finally he had to let go because he hadn't any grip left.

"Yes, right you are. It was a German helmet.

"But—this is the point: The head was still inside!"

And as you crumble your war brioche, which has no relation to the happy brioche of other days, any more than the pain de luxe is related to the bread of last year, you hear, cautiously told, a story followed by a roar of guffaws from the group of middle aged men.

"Yes, my son wrote me about it. You see the chateau had been vacated on the approach of the Germans. The family wisely left everything unlocked except the wine cellar. The key to this was attached to a placard on which was written a request to the enemy that in consideration of the plentiful supply of wine in the 'caves' and its excellence they would spare the house and its furnishings.

"The Germans did. The wine excelled its description and they drank what they could, taking the rest with them, but leaving the chateau absolutely untouched. The French came up a few hours after and it was then that the secret came out.

"The wine had been sold before the war to a German and had been paid for, but the outbreak of hostilities had prevented its being claimed.

"Pretty good, that!"

Every once in a while Paris decides to pull down the Palais Royal, but it is still standing untouched, and now that the French financiers have other ways of spending their money, possibly the fine old landmark, every inch of which is rich with historic association, may remain a while longer.

In the covered corridors or galleries which look on the garden, where even now on warm mornings the women sit and knit and the children play, there are rows of braziers, placed equidistantly. The shops which line the galleries show a pathetic stock in comparison with that of happier times when madame wore her jewels with a Palais Royal air, and the crowd that foregathers about the burning coal bears little resemblance to the old assemblages.

Here are hundreds of old men muffled up, many with red noses not entirely colored by the cold, and children clothed in funny worsted garments—shawls tied about their waists, tasselled caps pulled down over their ears, even knitted trousers. Market women with their baskets tramp by the braziers of this famous galerie d'Orleans, where in the Second Empire the gilded youth had exclusive right of promenade.

Many of the fighters of the 1870 regime have newspapers in their hand, an excuse for conversation, for none has any use for newspapers now, except to put inside the coat when the cold is severe, or to fan the coke in the braziers. Why read newspapers that have no news?

Even the hospitals have resorted to the braziers as the easiest way out of the heating difficulties. Many of the summer hotels and nondescript buildings requisitioned for this use were not intended for winter habitation and have no plants for keeping them warm. So the braziers have been started.

Down between the rows of cots you will see them, glowing bits of color and light, centres, too, of activity, when the convalescents hover near them to keep away the damp and chill.

Even the Trianon Palace Hospital, which by common accord stands very near the head of these establishments, is fitted out with braziers. Scarcely an American has missed the trip to Versailles and a dinner in this beautiful building, situated near the glories of the Grand and the Little Trianon. Since the middle of August it has been a military hospital under the care of the British Government, and eight and nine hundred patients at a time have been brought into its immense wards—one time dining, dancing and reception rooms.

Now there are few wounded in any of the hospitals in Paris, and this enormous building has only a small number, possibly three hundred patients; most of them convalescing.

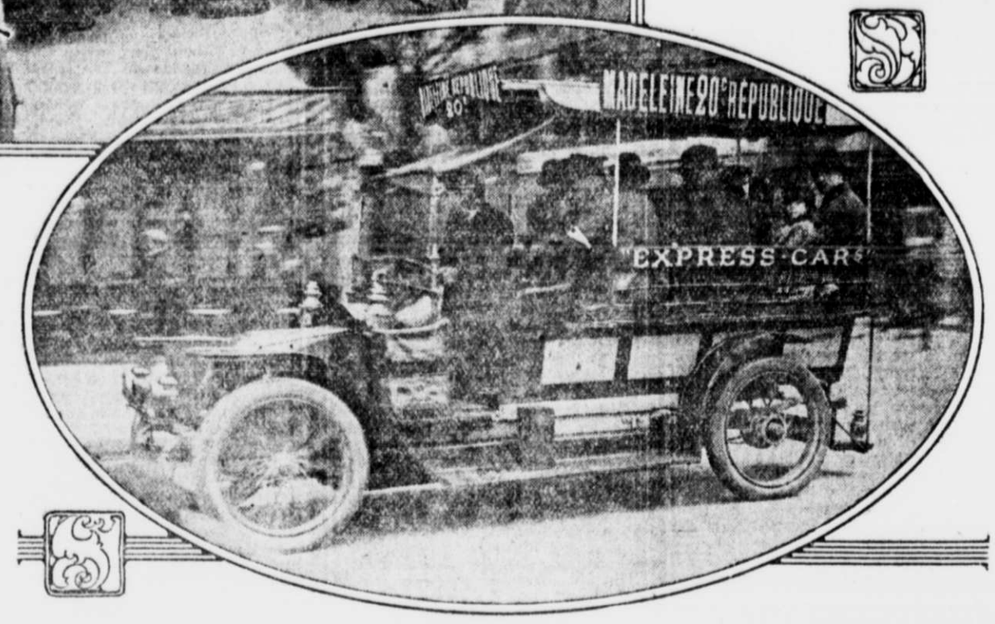
The wonderful turf is still green like a velvet rug stretched between marble fountains. Lines of black yews stand sentinellike and the deciduous trees are silhouetted like a black and white drawing against the sky.

In the park that separates the hospital from the court of honor and the palaces, scores of military tents, a few weeks ago used for the overflow of patients, are now tenanted by the convalescents, the far along convalescents who can soon return to the front. While in the hospital proper, amid the flowers and palms, the long French windows, each a frame for some exquisite bit of landscape, the braziers themselves are very well behaved little articles, here in the centre of each tent they have a sort of rollicking air.

In each tent there are a dozen cots; the canvas is lined with yellow, as are all the British military tents; the decreasing light of the late afternoon is supplemented by lanterns hung aloft; and about the braziers sit a group of soldiers, picturesquely attired, reading, writing letters, playing games and smoking.

It is a scene replete with color. One longs for the sketch pad of a water color artist, for search Paris through there is nothing so picturesque at the moment as the braziers.

English wounded in the Champs Elysees.



Type of vehicle substituted for auto buses now at front.

Society Meets on the Terraces and Warms Itself by Use of Coke Burnt in Cylinders of Brass

More Than 100,000 First Aid Supplies for Wounded Soldiers in Europe Made by Salvation Army Here

SOME important and valuable lessons in economy and efficiency are suggested by the Salvation Army's old linen campaign which has been in progress for the wounded European soldiers for the past sixty days. Of the many tons of supplies which had been gathered in every part of the country and sent to New York not an ounce will be wasted.

Col. J. E. Margetts, who was appointed by Commander Evangeline Booth general manager of the campaign, has some very interesting stories to tell of devotion on the part of the workers and ingenuity used in inducing persons of widely differing views on religion, politics and economics to assist in the effort. But the most important of all is that out of the wastage of household linen more than 100,000 first aid supplies for the wounded in Europe have so far been made.

No detail which a well regulated establishment devoted to the sale of any commodity would regard as essential has been overlooked. The organization is as complete as anything of its kind could be. There is no confusion at the bandage bees which are held daily at 122 West Fourteenth street. Everything passes off in perfect harmony and Col. Margetts has his hand on the vital parts of the machinery all the time.

The material is weighed, measured, labelled and in other ways identified so that the inferior grade of linen can be separated from the better class and serve a distinct purpose. That which cannot be used for a bandage may be made into a wad, a compress, a sponge, a leg roller or an abdominal binder.

Much of the material so far received has come from the homes of the wealthy. It is of prime quality, some of it more than 100 years old and woven from flax raised on Southern plantations when slavery was not regarded as a national curse. This serves a special purpose. But the frayed and worn table napkin or the bed sheet which has seen its days can be utilized. Nothing is rejected.

"What on earth are you going to do with these?" Col. Margetts was asked, the questioner inviting his attention to a pile of towels that had lost their youth. It didn't seem that any practical use remained for them.

"Oh, those are all right. They will be sent to the hospitals in France or Germany, or perhaps Russia, where they will be used for washing wounds. You see we will waste nothing," said the Colonel. "The Salvation Army has always tried to inculcate the truth that nothing need be wasted and a use can be found for every innocent substance."

The paper in which the linen is wrapped before being sent to headquarters by the donors is gathered up and sent to the industrial homes, where it is sorted, baled and shipped to the paper mills to be converted into cardboard boxes or other commodities which modern industry requires.

At the end of each bandage bee the floors are swept and the strings, paper and other articles which appear to give promise of utility are put in bags and later are sent in one of our wagons to some of the dozen or more industrial homes in the metropolitan district," said Col. Margetts.

It was conceded by Col. Margetts that some of the material sent by well meaning persons would never reach France or Germany, but it wouldn't be wasted. This would also be sent to the industrial homes and eventually find its way to the paper mill, where it would be scientifically treated. So that while the wounded soldiers of France, Germany, Russia, England and Belgium are the recipients of this novel form of charity, additional work is found for impaired men who are the guests of the industrial homes until such time as they are ready to take their places as normal men in the world of industry once more.

"Some persons are under the impression that we do our work in a haphazard, hit or miss, come and go manner, trusting to God to bring order out of chaos and harmony out of confusion," said Col. Margetts. "Perhaps if they could see our reports they would more correctly interpret our actions."

Then the general manager showed an itemized report of the last shipment of supplies to Europe. Among these it is interesting to note were fifty-six packages of sponges, 126 packages of compresses, 613 packages of bandages, 710 packages of handkerchiefs. This list, however, simply covered the contents of one case, sixteen of which were sent abroad, the whole weighing approximately 6,000 pounds.

Perhaps for the first time in their career some of the soldiers will wear nightshirts made in America.

"It would be a pity to cut these up and make them into bandages," said Col. Margetts, looking at some very good robes in which American gentlemen had often enjoyed a night of pleasant slumber. "Let's send them just as they are so that some of the wounded can enjoy the luxury of sleeping in an American nightshirt. A large number of these garments will reach the front during the next few weeks, and let us hope the soldiers will enjoy them."

In the hall in which the work of making the bandages is done two sterilizers are installed. Into these the bandages, compresses and sponges are placed, and under the supervision of competent physicians they are scientifically treated. Col. Margetts said no person should be under any apprehension as to the wholesomeness of the supplies. The nurse into whose hands they fall is informed in French, German and English of the nature of the article he or she is handling.

It is a pretty and touching sight to observe 200 white robed young women making the bandages. Some of these are employed at the sewing machines. They sew the strips together. These are passed on to a company of young women engaged at another table, where they are rolled and pressed. For the purpose of rolling the bandages modern machinery has been installed and many of the young women have become expert in this particular industry.

After the bandages are rolled they are carried to another long table, where some young men label and finally prepare them for the sterilizer. This is followed by packing them in cardboard boxes, which are in turn put in large cases preparatory to their shipment to the front. So far every worker has toiled without pay or promise of pay. But recently Col. Margetts suggested that some philanthropist guarantee payment of 100 girls who are now out of employment at the rate of $1 a day.

Thus the double purpose of relieving distress at home and abroad could be effected by the utilization of the same service and energy.

"We have simply been forced to suspend the collection of supplies, because we haven't the workers to put the stuff into shape," said Col. Margetts. "It would be a simple matter to get enough old linen to cover a million wounds if we could be assured of the necessary help to work it into bandages."

Commander Evangeline Booth said she had strong hopes that somebody would see the practical character of the suggestion made by Col. Margetts and so sympathize with it as to supply the means for carrying it into effect.

The next shipment of bandages, compresses and sponges will be sent to Germany. Then the organization contemplates making a donation to Russia. It is planned also in the near future to ask Servia to accept this unique aid.

HEIGHT OF CONTEMPLATION

Study of the Kaiser Written a Quarter of a Century Ago Proves Prophetic

A remarkable study of the Kaiser by the Portuguese author Jose Maria Eca de Queiroz was published in 1891. It was a prophecy as well as a keen analysis of character, and as such the London "Times" has just reprinted it. But one picture of the prophetic vision is likely to be unrealized—that of the Kaiser in exile in a London hotel.

IN this sovereign what a variety of incarnations of royalty! One day he is the soldier king, rigid, stiff in helmet and cuirass, occupied with nothing but reviews and manœuvres, placing the change of a guard above all the business of the State, regarding the drill sergeant as the fundamental unit of the nation, putting barrack discipline above every moral and natural law and concentrating the glory of Germany in the mechanical precision with which his recruits march.

Suddenly he strips off the uniform and dons the workman's blouse; he is the reform king, attending only to questions of capital and wages, eagerly convoking social congresses, claiming the management of all human improvements and determined to go down in history embracing the proletariat as a brother whom he has set free.

Then, all unawares, he becomes the king by divine right, a Charles V, or a Philippe Auguste, haughtily resting his Gothic sceptre on the backs of his people, fixing as the law of all rule "Sic volo, sic jubeo," subjecting the highest law to the will of the king and being convinced of his infallibility, driving over the frontiers all those who do not devotedly believe in him. Mankind is agape, when lo! he is the courtier king, worldly pompous, thinking only of the brilliancy and sumptuosity of etiquette, regulating festivals and masquerades, ordering the style of headdress to be worn by ladies, decorating with the Order of the Crown those officers who excel in the cotillion, and desirous of transforming Berlin into a Versailles of supreme taste and ceremonial.

The world smiles—and, presto! he becomes the modern king, the nineteenth century king, treating the past as bigoted, eliminating from the curriculum of education the human ties and classics, determined to construct by the aid of parliamentarism the largest amount of material and industrial civilization, regarding the factory as the supreme temple, dreaming of Germany as worked entirely by electricity.

Again at times he descends from his stage—that is, from his throne—he travels, he gives entertainments in foreign courts, where, freed from the imperial state which in Berlin gives to his every act an imperial character, he comes forward under the most interesting guises that a man of imagination can adopt in society.

On his way to Constantinople, navigating the Dardanelles in his fleet, he is the artist who, in telegrams addressed to the Imperial Chancellor and signed "Imperator Rex," describes in language charged with romanticism and color the azure of Oriental skies, the languid softness of the Asiatic coasts. In the north, in the Scandinavian seas, among the stern fiords of Norway, to the roar of the waters freed from their ice bonds and flowing under the shadow of the pine trees, he is the mystic, he preaches on his deck of the nothingness of human devices, counsels souls to accept as the only potent reality communion with the Eternal!

On his return from Russia he is the jovial student, recalling the good time at Bonn, and from the frontier he writes a fancifully rhymed letter in verse to the prefect of the palace at St. Petersburg, thanking him for the caviar and foie gras sandwiches provided as a travelling snack. In England he finds himself in a luxurious social centre and becomes the dandy, his fingers sparkling with rings, a huge carnation in the buttonhole of his light colored overcoat, he hovers and flirts with the splendid verve of a D'Orsay.

Then suddenly in Berlin during the dead of night the bugles sound the alarm, the telegraph wires of the Havas Agency vibrate; Europe in a fright rushes to the morning papers and the fateful report spreads: War will break out in the spring! What is it? "No es nada," as is sung in "Pan y Toros." It is only William II. who has returned to his stage—that is, to his throne.

It is my opinion that he is nothing but a dilettante of activities—I mean a man strongly enamored of activity, comprehending the infinite delight it offers and desiring, therefore, to experience and enjoy it in every form permissible in our state of civilization. Men are dilettanti generally in ideas or in feelings; for in order to understand all ideas or to feel all emotions we have only to exercise thought or sensibility, and all of us mortals can, without fear of being arrested by any obstacle, move freely in the illimitable fields of thought or sensibility. I may be a perfect dilettante in ideas, though quietly shut up with my books, but if I attempted to be a dilettante in activities in their highest sense to command an army, to reform society, to build cities, I must possess, not a library, but a submissive empire.

William II. does possess such an empire, and now that he has thrown off the hard comptrollership of Bismarck he can give the reins to his insatiable dilettantism of activity with the license with which "the young steed (according to the Bible) gallops in the silent desert." Does he desire the pleasure of commanding vast armies, or that of ploughing the waters in a fleet of steel?

This it is that makes the German Emperor so prodigiously interesting a figure; in him we have among us in this philosophical century a man, a mortal, who, more than any other expert, prophet or saint, lays claim and appears to be the ally and intimate friend of God. The world has never seen, since the days of Moses on Sinai, such intimacy, such an alliance, between the creature and the Creator.

The reign of William II. seems to be, as it were, an unexpected resurrection of the Mosaism of the Pentateuch. He is the favorite of God, he holds conferences with God in the burning bush of his Berlin Schloss and at the instigation of God he is leading his people to the joys of Canaan. Truly he is Moses II. Like Moses, too, he never tires of proclaiming (daily and loudly so that none may ignore the fact and through ignorance contravene it) his spiritual and temporal relationship to God, which makes him infallible and therefore irresistible.

He has but to expedite a telegram, to sound a bugle. If the desire seize him to transform in his potent hands a whole social organization, he has but to announce the fact—this is my conception—when slowly at his feet a new world will arise.

It may indeed happen that one day Europe will awake to the roar of clashing armies, only because in the soul of this great dilettante the burning desire to "know war," to enjoy war, was stronger than reason, counsel or pity for his subjects. Not long ago, indeed, he gave this promise to his faithful retainers of Brandenburg: "I will lead you," he said, "to splendid and glorious destinies!" What destinies Battles, of course, in which the German Eagles shall triumph.

William II. has not the slightest doubt as to the issue, for besides several minor sovereigns he has for his ally the supreme Sovereign of Heaven and Earth fighting among the German landwehr, as in the days of old when Minerva, bearing her spear, fought with the Black Phalanx against barbarians.

The certainty of a divine alliance! Truly nothing can give a man more strength than such a faith, which almost renders him divine. On the other hand, to what risks it exposes him!

Nothing can make the fall of a man more disastrous than the proof, borne out by the crude contradiction of facts, that such a certainty was but the chimera of a mad infatuation. Then is realized the Biblical fall from the "heights of heaven." There was once a people that proclaimed themselves the elect of God: but it was proved that God had not elected them, nor preferred them before others, seeing that He disdainfully forsook them; they were overthrown with incomparable fury, dispersed through the world, lapidated, penned up in ghettos, their houses and tombs branded as is branded a counterfeit coin.

William II. runs the awful danger of being cast down the demoniac. He boldly takes upon himself responsibilities which in all nations are divided among various bodies of the State—he alone judges, he alone executes, because to him alone it is (not to his Ministers, to his Council or to his Parliament) that God, the God of the Hohenzollerns, imparts His transcendental inspiration. He must therefore be infallible and invincible. At the first disaster—whether it be inflicted by his burghers or by his people in the streets of Berlin, or by allied armies on the plains of Europe—Germany will at once conclude that his much vaunted alliance with God was the trick of a wily despot.

Then will there not be stones enough from Lorraine to Pomerania to stone this counterfeit Moses. William II. is in very truth casting against fate those terrible "iron dice" to which the now forgotten Bismarck once alluded. If he win he may have within and without the frontiers altars such as were raised to Augustus; should he lose, exile, the traditional exile in England, awaits him—a degraded exile, the exile with which he so sternly threatens those who deny his infallibility.

M. Renan is therefore quite right: there is nothing more attractive at this period of the century than to witness the final development of William II. In the course of years (may God make them slow and lengthy!) this youth, ardent, pleasing, fertile in imagination, of sincere, perhaps heroic, soul, may be sitting in calm majesty in his Berlin schloss presiding over the destinies of Europe—or he may be in the Hotel Metropole in London sadly unpacking from his exile's handbag the battered double crown of Prussia and Germany.